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## Miscellanea.

WE heartily wish all our readers, and especially our promoters and contributors, a very happy New Year and  
**THE NEW YEAR.** every choice blessing.

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Alas! there seems every likelihood that the New Year will dawn upon a world still convulsed by the awful horrors of war between the nations. The pleadings of His Holiness the Pope and the prayers of the Church have not yet resulted in peace between the belligerents. The devastating scourge which has visited mankind has not ceased to carry away the manhood of Europe, and when all is over there will be many a loved one missed from the fireside, and many a family bread-winner will sleep beneath the soil of the battlefield. Blood and treasure have been poured out as they never were before, and still there is no decided indication of a cessation of hostilities. War pursues its mad career with untold sufferings to humanity, and amidst the fury of onslaught and the clash of arms the voice of the Vicar of Christ is unheeded! Relying on that All-Wise Providence which rules over the destinies of nations, Catholics will, with confidence, earnestly pray that this terrible war storm may soon be stilled, that wiser counsels may prevail, and that human ambition run riot may yield to the voice of reason. May a happier



condition of things soon prevail, resulting in the confraternity of the nations, the reign of charity in the hearts of men, and the cultivation of the arts of peace, and that happy consummation reached that the swords of the warriors may be turned into ploughshares and the spears into sickles.

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What a discreditable task certain journals have undertaken, viz., at the expense of truth to seek to cast aspersions on the motives which influence His Holiness the Pope in his efforts to bring about peace! It is not the first time that a stigma has been cast on English journalism by perversion of facts, and let us hope that the authoritative denial by Cardinal Gasparri of the allegations of a certain London morning paper may prove a warning lesson in the future to those publications that are so prone to furnish their readers with fallacious pabulum whenever the Vatican or the Catholic Church is concerned.

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THE news of the progress of the cause of Blessed Gabriel Possenti, Passionist student, for canonization, will be welcomed by the readers of THE CROSS. We **THE CAUSE OF BLESSED GABRIEL.** understand that the final session of the Congregation of Rites, held on 27th November, regarding the cause of this model for youth resulted favourably, and that we can look forward to that happy day when the name of Gabriel will be registered in the calendar of the saints.

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Blessed Gabriel's name in the world was Francis Possenti, and he was born at Assisi in 1838. His father, Sante Possenti, had been Governor successively of various cities in the Papal States. The early years of Gabriel gave but little indication of his future sanctity. He was of a vivacious temperament, subject to fits of anger (of which he speedily repented), fond of dress and of amusements. Yet with all this waywardness he had a generous, charitable spirit, was kind to the poor, and devout in the practice of his religious duties. He received his elementary education from the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and later pursued his secondary studies under the Jesuit Fathers at Spoleto, where he proved himself a brilliant pupil, and his last appearance at the school was at close of the academic year when at the grand act in presence of the Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop of Spoleto he acquitted himself so well as to win the warm congratulations of these prelates and the hearty applause of the audience.

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Though Grace was whispering to Gabriel calling him to the religious state, and though as the result of severe attacks of illness he made several promises to enter a religious institute, he still hesitated and left these promises unfulfilled. It was while attending a procession, in which a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried, that he came to a fixed resolve to quit the world, and, addressing himself to his Heavenly patroness he exclaimed: "Mother mine, thou hast conquered! I leave myself in thy most holy hands!" This resolution was efficacious and he entered the novitiate of the Passionist Fathers at Morrovalle. He received the Passionist Habit on the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows in September,

1856, and, 22nd September, 1857, made his religious profession. From the time he entered religion until his holy death in 1862 there was no trace of irresolution in the life of Gabriel—once he put his hand to the plough he never looked back. Practising the virtues in a heroic degree, he had a marvellous devotion to the Sorrows of Our Blessed Lady, and in his dying moments he held in his hand the picture of the Sorrowful Virgin with the dead Christ. His Director testifies that such was Gabriel's love of penance that "I always found in him so strong an inclination for corporal penances, that, had I not watched and restrained him, his fervour would have led him to undertake so many extreme austerities that he would have overtaxed his strength and in a short time have ruined his health." Speaking of his spirit of prayer, his Director says: "He profited of every scrap of time, of five minutes, three minutes, even of one minute, to engage in loving converse with God." The grave of Blessed Gabriel at Isola has become a sanctuary to which pilgrims flock day by day, and so innumerable have been the favours granted through his intercession that in an official record of four years 380 miracles due to his intercession were recorded. This great Servant of God, the introduction of whose cause was supported by thirty Cardinals, thirty-five Archbishops and Bishops, and thirty-four Generals of Religious Orders, was formally introduced in July, 1896, when he was declared Venerable, and on 31st May, 1908, the solemn decree of Beatification was promulgated in the Vatican Basilica.

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WE are pleased to learn that efforts are being made to organise the women workers of Belfast with the object of securing better wages, shorter hours, and the **BELFAST WOMEN WORKERS.** abolition of child labour. It appears that out of 30,000 women workers in the Northern Capital only 6,000 belong to any organisation, with the result that there can be no united and effective effort made to secure the amelioration of the grievances under which they labour. Justice demands that the toilers in the mills should receive a living wage, their condition made happier, and the health of the young especially safeguarded. The devotion of the Catholic mill girls of Belfast to our holy religion is one of the grandest and brightest features of that industrial city, and notwithstanding their hard lot and poor wages they are ever ready to make sacrifice for and support every movement for the cause of religion and charity. We feel sure that the union of the workers will result in the betterment of the conditions under which they live, and we hope that in the near future, as a result of legitimate combination, a better era may dawn for the underpaid mill workers of Belfast.





# Father Charles, Passionist.

## Memoir of a Great Servant of God.

By PLACID WAREING, C.P.

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago, on January 5th, 1893, there passed to his everlasting reward at St. Paul's Retreat, Dublin, a singularly fervent religious and holy priest whose name was held in affection and veneration throughout Ireland, in many parts of England, even in America and Australia. Is there such a thing as a silver jubilee of death? At least we who knew him, whom to know was to love and reverence, may keep the silver jubilee of the days when God called him to Himself; and when we laid in their last resting place on earth, beside the great Celtic cross, the once strong frame, whose strength had been all spent for Jesus Crucified, and the somewhat rugged face that even in death seemed beautiful with the light of holiness.

Father Charles of St. Andrew—whose name in the world was John Andrew Houban—was born at Munster-Geleen, a village in that part of Limbourg which belongs to Holland, on December 11th, 1821, and was born again to God in Holy Baptism on the same day. He came from a very core of Catholicity—Limbourg, 98 per cent. Catholic; a village entirely Catholic; his family intensely Catholic; his brother a parish priest, nephews and nieces in religion; a most holy mother. The family were in easy circumstances, and he received an excellent classical education in the college of the neighbouring town of Littard.

What brought John Andrew Houban to the Novitiate of the Passionist Fathers at Ere, in the diocese of Tournay? The human way of it was the instrumentality of a certain Professor Schregen, a layman, under whom his classical studies were completed: the Divine was, that it was under God's call, a single step on the long and thorny path that lay between the holy cradle at Munster-Geleen and the bare cell and hard pallet at Mount Argus. On it the feet might bleed, but the heart, brave in the love of the Crucified and the sorrows of the Holy Mother, never faltered. Certain it is that he knocked at the door of the Novitiate one winter's evening late in 1845, and was professed on December 10th the following year. For a religious the time of his noviceship is as a childhood. A man's dear home leaves its hall mark upon him through life, so does his novitiate upon the religious. As whatever a man has of true and gentle speech and bearing he owes to his childhood's home, so the religious owes all future strivings after highest things to his novitiate. It was Father Charles' happy lot to have as Superiors at Ere men who were not only profound theologians but also men of extraordinary sanctity. When on December 10th, 1846, he lay before the altar, covered with the black pall, and the death-bell was tolled, and the Passion of Our Lord, according to St. John, was read, he had in very deed died to the world, to live for Jesus Crucified. Henceforth

Poverty found in him a true lover, and Chastity, guarded by unceasing prayer and mortification, spread her gladness through his heart, and Obedience, taking away all other will, made God's holy Will supreme, and the master aim of life the spreading of the knowledge and love of his Crucified Lord in his own and in all other hearts.

He was ordained priest on December 21st, 1850, by the Bishop of Tournay. But the Netherlands were not to be the scene of his labours; in less than two months he was in England. The Venerable Father Dominic of the Mother of God, founder of the Anglo-Hibernian Province, had established the first Passionist Retreat in England at Aston, near Stone, in Staffordshire, in February, 1842. Here Father Charles arrived to assist the small community on February 5th, 1851, about a year after Father Dominic's death. Flemish being his native tongue, he was soon able to speak and write English correctly, though indeed he always spoke it somewhat haltingly. Of his appearance at this time his biographer says: "No one could be in the presence of Father Charles, even for a few moments, without being impressed by his striking personality. He was tall, of a strong, well-built, muscular physique, but attenuated, and towards the end of his life stooping. His face, rugged in outline and sallow in complexion, bore traces of firmness of character. The forehead was wide, the nose prominent, and the lustre of his hazel eyes reflected the inward beauty of his soul. When animated his face wore an expression of singular brightness and sweetness. The simplicity of his manner little showed the firm grasp of theological principle he possessed, which rested on a retentive memory and assiduous study in early years." At Aston Hall he was on holy ground. Mass had been said there by missionary priests in the days of persecution: it had been the novitiate of the second province of the English Franciscans: afterwards it had given their first home in England to the Brigettine nuns on their return from exile: it had secretly sheltered the relics of St. Chad after the spoliation of Lichfield. To Father Charles, reared in Limbourg, intensely Catholic though in Protestant Holland, these things made appeal. His name is still held in veneration by the descendants of those amongst whom he laboured devotedly. Nor was his zeal less fruitful with another portion of the Aston flock. The famine and fever in Ireland had driven many of her people to seek their livelihood in England, and some were settled in the neighbourhood of Aston. To these it is recorded that Father Charles extended a special love and care.

In November, 1854, Father Charles left Aston to take up the duties of Assistant-Master of Novices at St. Wilfrid's, Oakamoor, better known as "Cotton Hall." It had been the residence of Father Faber and his convert companions who lived there in community known as the "Brothers of the Will of God." Father Charles brought to his new home that most valuable asset of a community, the perfect observance of the Holy Rule, and to his novices the splendid training he himself had received at Ere. With his important duties in the retreat he still found time to help in the work of the mission—a difficult one consisting mainly of converts scattered over a large area.

From St. Wilfrid's the voice of obedience called him to yet another and quite different sphere. He came to Ireland in 1857, one year



after the Passionists had settled in Dublin, and immediately after the death of the first Rector, Father Paul Mary Pakenham. Henceforth, with the exception of a few years spent in quaint, old-fashioned, secluded Broadway, and at St. Ann's, Sutton, for more than thirty-six years, his life moved in one settled groove at St. Paul's, Dublin: it was the Rule of St. Paul of the Cross, kept to the letter and in the spirit, prayer, and the service of the suffering. When Matins were finished, about 3 a.m., he, with the permission of his Superior, remained some time in prayer, when the others retired to rest. He was again in choir at 6 o'clock for Prime. After his Mass, often celebrated with tears of devotion, he would remain in loving communion with God till the conclusion of the last Mass, when he blessed the people. The long, low, red-brick chapel of the old days had been converted, after the building of the present church, into an oratory for this purpose. But not only there; but at the door of the monastery, many would be waiting, glad to touch his habit or mantle, or catch some word of prayer. Sometimes the little procession recited the Rosary of the Five Wounds. In the oratory he would give a short discourse on the Passion, or the Sorrows of our Lady, bringing from these comfort to the sick and sorrowing around him; it was said of him, too, that he dried the tears of others by the shedding of his own. Then he left the house on some errand of mercy, the dying being his special love and care, for in the Passion of our Lord he had read the value of a soul. After the mid-day community observances and Vespers, there were again the blessing of the people, and the errand of mercy. At Complin his tall form long stood erect among his brethren when fatigue must have held it; in later years it became bowed and stooping. With the passing of the years his pure soul grew more and more remote from the world and wrapt in God. His lips moving in prayer, he would sometimes pass his brethren without returning the customary salute, unconscious of their presence. His physician once found him on his knees in his cell so absorbed in God that his soul did not at once answer the call of sense. In offering the Holy Sacrifice, his devotion and tears would stay the action, till the server, to this instructed, recalled him to proceed.

The end came with the dawn of the new year 1893. He had previously, on December 10th, received the Last Sacraments, after which, though the poor body suffered much, it pleased God to relieve him of the aridity and fears, which at times had tried him, as fire refining gold, and he lay in calm and peaceful converse with God, waiting the summons. It came at six o'clock in the morning of the Vigil of the Epiphany. Then God called this faithful servant from the long labours to the everlasting rest. "A youthful freshness brightened his countenance, the features remaining unaltered, whilst his aged hands, white as marble, crossed on his breast, clasped the crucifix, which was his inseparable companion during his whole religious life."

A great soul, held and swayed by a noble and holy passion, will always accomplish great things. Father Charles was such a one. The ideal and the striving was "to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him Crucified," dead to the world, and living only for God, gradually through the Cross, yet in joy, came the transformation into the likeness of his Crucified Master. Let his name not die, nor his memory fade from our hearts, nor be the less the rich bequest of his example.

## The Second Grail.

THE king went to study four tapestries, woven for his closet by a wandering craftsman. He slowly climbed the turret stairway, to pass to the viewing chamber. Tall and slight, he moved, with silken, forked beard; bound about his brows a golden torque, upon which burned a single ruby, the name of which stone was "Wisdom of the World," whereby his judgment was beyond that of other men.

He stood before the first frame, whereon was stretched the likeness of a ship, black from stem to stern, with black, swelling sail; upon deck lay a king wounded, feet and head cherished by three black-draped queens. He mused awhile: "This be the funeral barge of Arthur of Britain, passing to the isle Avilion?"

"Truly has the king answered," replied the artist. "This sheweth desire of Fame."

He paced before the second, the image of a barque with purple canvas, at the helm a winged boy; within the hold a knight and damsel, between them a wine cup, overset.

The king pondered, stroking the fine-spun beard: "May this be that vessel wherein journeyed Tristram and Iseult, from Ireland into Cornwall, whereon they drank of a charmed draught?"

"Wisdom my lord hath," the weaver murmured. "This stands for desire of Love."

He beheld the third: as it were, a galley burning. Midmost the flame, twain, a knight full-armed—beside him a damsel, full-armed likewise, both as upon a bier.

"Here be none other than the pyre of Sigurd and Brunhilde of the central lands?"

"Yea," whispered the worker. "Behold—desire of Death."

"Fair, well-wrought webs," observed the king. "Let us to the last."

There sailed a shallop, white as driven snow, with a white sail, broad-blazoned with a blood-red cross; within, a shrine, and amid the shrine a vessel of most pure gold, rayed around as the face of a sun new-risen.

He folded arms, bent brows, and bit his lip till the blood sprang; he carressed the flame upon his forehead; paced between door and casement; all to no avail.

"What thing be this?" he asked sharply.

"My lord, a mystery," replied the other. "Yet hast not read the rune, my lord."

The king stepped close, held a gold-set crystal without flaw to his eyes, and read:

"Now these three ships, all may essay  
To take their passage in;  
But whosoe'er would tread this last  
Shall leave behind his sin."

He turned, looking long and close upon the artist. "What art thou—and this?" he asked.



"A wandering craftsman, with a mystery," was the sole answer. "Get you to my chamberlain for gold," quoth the king; but that other, turning him about, passed forth of that kingdom and was no more seen.

He bade have hung the tapestries, one upon each wall of the closet. He sent for his poet, who came. "See here four symbols," said the king. "Read them for me according to thine art."

"Why, then," sang the poet, "here be the life of a man, even one such as my lord. Fame, Love, and Death; but the last I know not."

"Thine is a poor art withal," quoth the king. "Get thee gone to thy rhymes."

Wise men, he brooked none within the kingdom; had he not all of wisdom? He bade them despatch his fool. He came. "My fool, who seest folly in all things, make interpretation to me of these visions."

"Much folly in Fame, more folly in Love, most folly, alas! full often, in Death!" laughed the fool. He fell upon his knees before the fourth. "I wot not well of this—yet I fear it!"

The king, in anger, struck upon the jester's mouth with his sceptre.

But from that time, peace went out from the heart of the king. No hour of day passed but he stood before the fourth panel, pondering its mystery. In the night watches would he rise, descending the turret stairway, taper in hand, to pause beside the closet wall. So long, so often he dwelt upon the craftsman's labour, he deemed the blind desire of the world, the secret, unspeakable desire of his own soul sailed in that snow-white shallop athwart the web, "Desiderium Mundi," he would murmur. All travellers through his kingdom, all mysterious merchants, would he summon to the closet, asking of each the self-same riddle. But none ever knew the answer. And at length, in despair, he sent for his artificers to raise the web upon a frame of poles as a banner, and calling his court together, bade them farewell with bitterness, bidding his fool to reign above them, and in his silken litter, with a few chosen followers, struck into the world.

They pierced many deep woods, camped at night beneath the banner, hearing the hooting of owls, ranged round about them bright eyes of wolves. They halted midmost many market places, throng with men and women from out many lands; they raised the banner, bidding a herald cry the quest, but none might answer. They put forth upon unfathomable waters, the web streaming pennon-wise from the prow. They climbed austere mountains, till then visited of none but ancient eagles. Through all, the blazon of the banner burned undimmed, spite of sun and rain and wind; but the king failed, and fell away his followers, one after one. Some defected in divers cities, some died, to be buried by the way. When he stood white-haired, upon the verge of an illimitable waste, he was alone, bearing the standard in his own fragile hands.

Three days, three nights, he held across the waste; there fell snow, frost, cold unspeakable. Upon the third midnight he beheld a mount, throned upon that desolation, roofs and towers pricked against innumerable stars; a stone stairway wound unending upward. Hour upon hour he climbed, to sink exhausted upon the summit, before a vast, wide-flung door; within, a great heart of light, amid the light a shrine, upon the shrine a vessel of most pure gold, rayed around as the face of a sun new-risen. "I have found!" he cried. Thereat came robed men, who drew him in.

"What be this place?" he asked.

"The spiritual city—Sarras," one answered.

"But That, beyond in the heart of light, this web I carry—be these things the same?"

Another looked close upon the cloth: "This be the grail ship, wherein was borne awhile that vessel whence the Lord drew bread, upon the last supper: That thou seest, beareth all which that bread became—the desire of the world, the Christ."

"Tell me of the Christ," whispered the dying king. And they told him.

Then came yet another, pouring water upon the king's head, crying: "I baptise thee—Pilgrim! Confess thy sin, that thou may'st commune with Christ."

"Unbind this ruby from about my brow, world's wisdom, availing nothing; this be my sin." And they unbound it; then they gave him the Host.

But after that he was fallen asleep, said the abbot to the brethren of Sarras: "Behold, an apostle, although as one born out of due time; yet an apostle. Bury we him in the crypt beneath the altar, where sleep our fellows; above the rood hang me this ensign of his quest." And thus it was.

But that jewel they set in the monstrance, beneath the Host, signifying that wisdom of earth, at best, may serve but as the foot-stone of divine wisdom.

an pilgrim.

## The Magi.

By BENEDICT DONEGAN, C.P.

ST. MATTHEW alone amongst the Evangelists speaks of the Magi in connection with the birth of the Messiah. The reason is clear enough. St. Mark and St. John began their story of Jesus with His public life. It is quite easy to understand their omitting the circumstances of His childhood. At least, it calls for no great exertion by the intelligence of most people. The Rationalists are the exception. Because of the silence of St. John and St. Mark they regard the account of the Magi, given by St. Matthew, as a fiction. But, then, it is their sacred duty to discover difficulties of this nature, when there is question of anything sacred. St. Luke wrote long after St. Matthew. His silence may be explained by the fact that the latter had already written sufficiently of the event. He describes them as "wise men from the East." Around them many legendary traditions have arisen. Space does not permit us to enumerate them, or attempt to sift the true from the merely pious fictions, encouraged, doubtless, by the lapse of nearly twenty centuries.



It seems pretty certain that the Magi were three in number, and that Persia was their native country. Some authorities have increased their number to twelve, and have given us graphic descriptions of their rich costumes and general appearance, placing crowns upon their heads, and even giving us their names. But the scene which St. Matthew brings before us is simply the sages, at the feet of a Virgin, who holds a young child in her arms Whom they adore as God. Their number he does not tell us, but it has always been the feeling of the Church they were but three. St. Leo is the first of the Fathers who, on this particular point, gives us any formal testimony. He wrote between the years 441 and 461. But we know he followed the most ancient traditions. The monuments in the catacombs are older than his time by at least two centuries. These always represent three Magi adoring the God-child. But there is very little reason to believe that they were kings. If they were St. Matthew would naturally have been glad to draw attention to the fact. His motive is to set the royalty of the Divine Infant in relief. Such a chance as three sovereigns bowing their majestic heads before Him would scarcely have been missed. Besides, if Herod had known them to be kings he would have received them with more ceremony, and most certainly would have treated them with greater courtesy. His speech to them was: "Go and search diligently after the child: and when you have found him, bring me word again, that I also may come and adore him." Moreover, the primitive monuments of stone art show the Magi wearing the Persian cap, but they never set over it the tiara, which was the diadem of the Persian kings.

There is good authority for believing they were of the sacred caste of the Medes and provided priests for Persia. The history of these people is one of vicissitude. They lived through many political and dynastic changes, always preserving their religious influence, and at the time of the birth of Christ they were flourishing under the Parthian dominion. It was three of these who saw the "Star in the East." The Jewish exiles in their midst had made them familiar with the Hebrew tradition of the Messiah. Connecting this new star with his birth, or, at least, according to magian astrology, with the birth of some very important person, whom they thought might be the long-looked-for One, they came seeking Him. Their science led them to his feet, and God supplemented the leading of science with the supernatural gift of faith, and they adored the child of Mary as God. For the reception of this highest gift of God to mortals their own religion was a very fitting preparation. At all times they seem to have worshipped one supreme Being, and to have been very austere in their religious practices.

We get a glimpse of their individual character from the difficulties they surmounted on their way to Jesus, and from the persevering steadfastness that marks their conduct from the beginning to the end of their journey. The distance from Persia to Jerusalem is between one thousand and twelve hundred miles. This had to be traversed on camels. These would have taken, according to circumstances, any time from three months to one year to make the journey. Part of it lay through the desert, between the Euphrates and Syria. Having reached Aleppo they travelled to Damascus, and southward by what is now known as the "pilgrim's way." Such a journey

was both fatiguing and dangerous. At times they must have had misgivings as to the wisdom of it all, as well as doubts and fears of its eventual result. But they persevered to their journey's end. With equal faith and fortitude they faced danger, and disregarded discouragement. Firm of purpose, they must find out for themselves at any cost "where is He that is born king of the Jews." They were strong, God-fearing men, generous, fervent and faithful.

To their great astonishment, the people of Jerusalem heard them asking this question some time after the Presentation of Jesus in the temple. Probably it was a little more than a twelve month. Told where to seek him, they left Jerusalem and scarcely had they passed outside its gates when the star re-appeared and guided them to where they found the Babe with His mother. This was not the stable of Bethlehem. St. Matthew's record of the event speaks of a house. Art and archæology also favour this view. There are only two monuments of an earlier date than the eleventh century, which represent this scene with the infant in the crib. In every other Mary is seated in her dwelling with the Divine Child in her arms.

The feast of the Epiphany has often been called the feast of converts. The Magi were the first-fruits of the Gentiles. In calling them to Him, at the very outset of His human life, Jesus shows clearly that the whole world is to participate in the benefits of His Redemption. No more is there to be a "chosen people" to the exclusion of the rest of the world. All are wanted by the world's Redeemer. All manner of means He makes use of to have them all. The angels spoke the glad tidings of His birth to the Jewish shepherds. A strange and new star was His means of attracting the representatives of the Gentile world. Many angels and many stars, in many ways, still speak to the hearts and souls of men and shine brilliantly upon them, shewing them where to find Jesus. May they still continue to speak and to shine, kindly directing and leading, in ever-increasing numbers, those in the "encircling gloom" of heresy to the one true Church of Christ, that His own loving wish of "one fold and one shepherd" may at length be realized.

## In the Days of the Wild Geese.

### A TALE OF SARSFIELD'S TIMES.

By GREGORY BARR, Author of "Retribution," etc.

#### CHAPTER V.

"SARSFIELD IS THE WORD, AND SARSFIELD IS THE MAN."

**W**ILLIAM OF ORANGE was encamped before Limerick, which he had counted on taking without difficulty. The great resistance he experienced caused him to send for a siege-train, which he expected to arrive soon.

To Limerick, therefore, Sir Fergus MacVeagh wended his way, accompanied by his faithful servant, Murtagh.



When William heard of his arrival, followed by a request for an audience, he exclaimed: "Ha! the preserver of my life; but for him, gentlemen, there would be no siege of Limerick. I had bitten the dust had his stout arm not warded off a rascal's blow."

"And Sir Fergus lost his right hand in the act," interposed the Lord Deputy, Grey de Wilmot.

"Is that so? Then, by my halidame, I grant his first request, whatever it may be—saving my crown," the Prince added with a smile. "Bid him enter."

Fergus found the Prince surrounded by Dutch officers in brilliant uniforms, some of whom looked askance at the intruder, fearing he might supplant them in the Prince's favour.

The latter was genuinely concerned when he saw the changed appearance of his guest and noted the mutilated right arm.

"These gentlemen," indicating by a sweep of the hand the nobles and officers present, "make many fair protestations of loyalty to our person—you have proved it, not by word but by deed. Be seated. I regret to see that you have suffered so much in our defence; only speak and let us know how we can show our gratitude to one so ready to forfeit life and limb in our cause."

"It is not for your Highness to regard as a matter for gratitude what the least of your subjects should deem a duty."

"Nevertheless, say in what we can pleasure you, and we swear to grant your request."

This was exactly what the other aimed at, to get the Prince's promise in presence of impartial witnesses; he asked for a deed of gift to him and his successors of the castle and estates of the late Chieftain, O'Driscoll, who had been in arms against his Highness; he represented that no stranger could keep the country quiet so far from a garrison town as Killarney was.

William looked grave; he was disappointed by this land-grabbing in a man whom he had considered worthy of better things.

MacVeagh saw the mistrust, but bore the odium for the sake of his deceased friend.

The Prince questioned him about late events. When he heard that Major Krag would be the only claimant his brow cleared.

"Give Krag plenty of sack to drink and you may take as many castles from him as you will. Have the deed of gift prepared and I shall sign it before dinner—of which you will partake with us."

Sir Fergus thanked him and withdrew.

The Prince kept his word. As he was conversing with Sir Fergus and his other guests after dinner news was brought that Sarsfield had left the Irish camp with a party of horsemen and had ridden in the direction of Killaloe.

"Killaloe, Killaloe," mused William. "What danger threatens from Killaloe? Were you unwounded I would send you to intercept him," this to Sir Fergus. "As it is, Sir John Lanier will undertake the task with five hundred horsemen."

But neither Sir John Lanier nor two other bodies of horsemen who were sent to conquer Sarsfield could effect their purpose.

Guided by the Rapparee Chief, "Gallop O'Hogan," Sarsfield and his five hundred picked men rode across country straight to the English convoy of caissons, pontoon bridges and guns, sufficiently powerful to lay Limerick in ruins.

Silently across the plain they rode, silently through the darkness—by stream and over hill, until the goal is reached.

Strange to say "Sarsfield" was the watchword of the convoy.

When the sentry demanded the word, swift came the reply: "Sarsfield is the word and Sarsfield is the man."

Straight through the camp dashed the Irish cavalry, sword in hand, overcoming all resistance. The guns were filled with powder, pontoons, ammunition, etc., piled on them, and the whole siege-train fired.

The explosion was heard in Limerick by William, who exclaimed: "That is Sarsfield's deed! Were he my son-in-law I would have left him his crown."

Next day Sarsfield and his gallant men rode unscathed into Limerick, amid vociferous shouts of joy from the garrison and the citizens.

Sir Fergus MacVeagh left the Williamite camp a little after the previous midnight; he had ridden for about three hours when the earth was shaken by—as it were—a terrific earthquake. It was the thunder from the explosion of the siege-train.

"This prolongs the siege," thought MacVeagh. "Probably that fellow, Krag, will appeal to the Prince. I would be able to hold my own if I could be sure of the support of the country people and the Rapparees—these will resent my apparent appropriation of the O'Driscoll property. I must try to see 'Gallop O'Hogan.' Tell me, Murtagh, where do the Rapparees fix their camp?"

"Yerra, sure, what camp wud they be wantin'? Isn't it over the country they're ridin', thievin' an' cuttin' people's throats."

"Not so fast, my friend; I am no upholder of the Rapparees, but I have always heard that they are kind to the poor and never commit murder. They must have some refuge for their women and children. I wish I could get there."

"Well, I have heard tell that they have somethin' of the sort in the Galtee Mountains in Tipperary. Though what yer Honor would be wantin' with them is more nor I can make out."

"Never mind that, my lad. If you can lead me to that camp I will reward you."

"Wisha, thin, yer Honor, mebbe I can," grinned the other, leading his master shrewdly to guess that this would not be the first visit of his trusty henchman to the rendezvous of the Rapparees.

Murtagh led the way across country over long stretches of bog towards the great towers and battlements of Cashel, which they carefully avoided. Lofty chains of mountains bathed in sunshine were visible. The "Devil's Bit"\* bounded the view to the North as the Galtees did to the South, with the great plain watered by the Suir (Spencer's Shure) winding, grass-banked, willowy-bordered, forming what Spencer called "The richest champain that may else be rid." Such was the "Golden Vale" through which they rode.

Nearing the Galtees they saw a long mountain range covered with magnificent trees stretching westward. On approach, it seemed to grow loftier and bolder until it ended in two peaked summits.

Sir Fergus drew rein to view the glorious perspective, when Murtagh rode up anxiously, pointing to some horsemen partly visible through

\* So called because the Devil is supposed to have taken a bite out of it.



the trees. Sir Fergus drew his pistol and bade Murtagh have his rifle ready, but not to fire without orders.

A solitary horseman detached himself from the group and rode forward, covering the two riders with his carbine; he rode bare-back. He was rather a young man, tall and well made, and with red hair. Before he could speak Sir Fergus called out: "Shawn Ruadh!"

The other lowered his carbine. MacVeagh addressed him in Irish when he sprang from his horse.

"*Mille Mulloon Mulla!* Is it MacVeagh himself? He who saved my life!" cried the man. Sir Fergus assured him it was, and added that it was of vital importance he should speak to their Chief immediately. Could Shawn (Sean) bring him to their camp, as evening was approaching. Sean rode back to consult his companions. They pointed out the danger of bringing a stranger to their camp. Their fears were dispelled by Murtagh, who joined the group and in whom they recognised a former comrade. Sean said to Sir Fergus:—

"Our Captain is absent, Dinassal, but will be back by nightfall. I will lead you to the Glen."

The Rapparees on horseback doffed their hats of coarse plaited straw as **Sir Fergus rode past them.**

Sean led the little party up the mountain through the forest. The path now descended through passes in the mountain, the gorges grew narrower until they came to the opposite side of the mountain, when a scene of enchanting beauty burst on the view. A wooded valley running from west to east, probably about ten miles in length though not more than two or three in width, watered by the Suir, bounded on the north by the Sliev-na-Muck Mountain and on the south by the higher Galtees, which were covered with lofty oaks, the trunks of which were green with tufts of beautiful fern; in a word, the Glen of Aherlow lay before them. The famous Glen, which had served as a refuge for O'Sullivan Beare in his retreat from Glengariff to Leitrim. Dr. Geoffry Keating fled to the woods of Aherlow from the blood-hounds who were on his track three hundred years ago, and here he wrote "*Foras Feasa ar Eirinn.*"

The Glen was of sandstone formation. It was peculiarly suitable as a refuge for the Rapparees. When our little party arrived a scene of great animation was before them: bright-eyed lassies and young lads were laughing and joking, children were running races and leaping from rock to rock. In one place a game of hurling was in progress. Huge pots, from which a grateful odour ascended, were watched by women with red kerchiefs on their heads. There were a few tents for the old people.

A few whispered words from Sean sufficed to get a warm welcome for their guest. Murtagh was clapped on the back and good-humouredly reproached as a deserter. However, the Rapparees forced no man to stay with them, so Murtagh got a hearty welcome.

(To be continued.)

## Ann Lee.

The old woman sits in her cabin,  
And the chickens come in from the rain,  
The red robin there in the chickens,  
Sings sometimes a wee glad strain.

The old woman looks at the chickens,  
As they peck at their half open wings,  
And her eyes see the road to the market,  
While the weeney red robin still sings.

The roadway is wound round the mountain,  
And the market town sits by the sea,  
There is gold in the market for chickens,  
New brooms for the house of Ann Lee.

On one leg the chickens are standing,  
And the robin is frantic with glee,  
But who will console the old woman,  
When her sorrow comes over the sea?

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

## Dr. John Lynch: Priest and Patriot.

By PATRICK WALSH, B.A.

"CUR in Patriam Non Redis?" ("Why don't you come back to Erin?") is a Latin poem making a fine autobiographical chapter in the life of a great man. The author, a great scholar, a great churchman, a chivalrous defender of Erin's fame, should be always held in our memory, in our love and reverence. Dr. Lynch, an Archdeacon of Tuam, wielded with a scholar's power the sword of light, and, like another Newman, "sent to the shades" one of the worst enemies of the Isle of Saints and Scholars, Gerald Barry, whose writings were long the coloured mirror held up to an important period of our History. "Cur in Patriam non Redis" is not the work that confers immortality on the author of "*Cambrensis Eversus*"; but it is a reliable expression of a noble man's trials and sorrows, of his heroic part in the long tragedy of Erin. The Arch-



deacon does not, according to Dr. Kelly, refer to himself more than three times in the classical work, which exposes the Welshman's crude fictions; and even in "The Life of Dr. Kirwan," his uncle, a Bishop of Killala, no desire to glorify the members of his family overcomes his noble reticence and reserve. His poem, on the other hand, is a free, open confession of leading events in his career, and at the same time a lament or "caoine" of a Niobe as she beholds her children on the "reformer's" rack, or in the slavery of exile. A great man's life is like the matrix-cell in the organism of his country, and by this poem the tragedy of Catholic Ireland for two long centuries seems to be thrown on the screen before our eyes.

Dr. Lynch was born in Galway a short time before 1600, and was ordained priest about 1622. After the surrender of Galway in 1652 he fled to France. About his life in exile very little is known, and accordingly his poem setting forth his reasons for remaining abroad deserves very careful perusal.

When pressed by a friend to come home, the aged priest—Lynch was then a septuagenarian—wrote "Cur in Patriam non Redis" to explain the impossibility of returning. Like many distinguished Irishmen, the scholarly Galwayman died in exile, although the opening words of his poem—a true Ulyssean longing to return to the isle of his sires—are thrilling with a great man's tenderness and emotion, as he thinks of home and all its moving associations:

"Visendi patrios valido trahor impete fines,  
Nam natalis humi me pius urit amor,  
In qua vagitus emisi pusio primos  
Et pressi teneris ubera grata labris."

("I am carried away with a strong desire for revisiting my fatherland, and the sacred love for home consumes me. There, an infant boy, I formed the first weak utterances, and pressed with a babe's soft lips the soothing breast.")

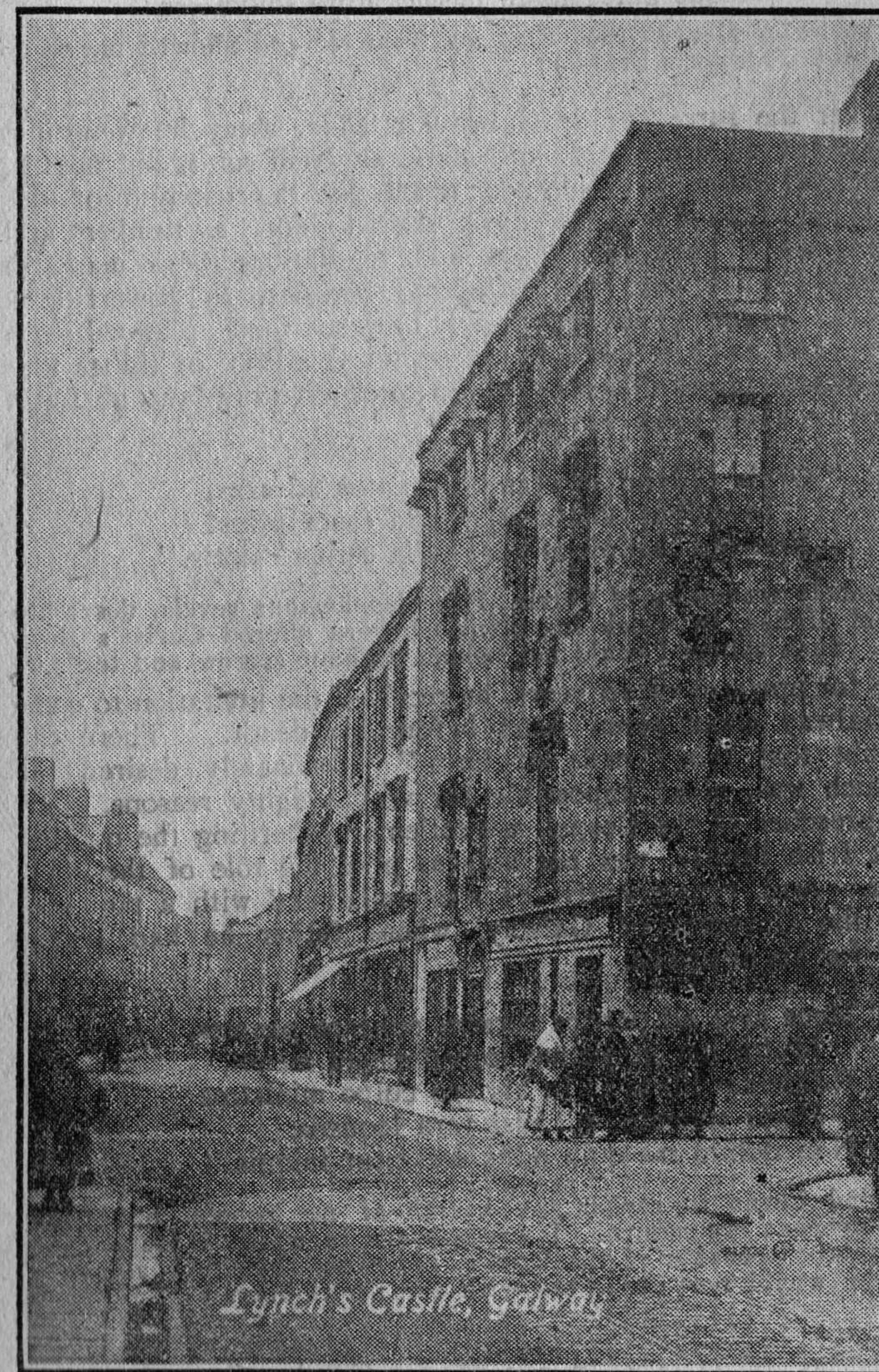
The poem possesses an interest not only for the student of Irish biography, but for those who desire to know what degree of excellence the old Irish schools attained in Latin composition. Dr. Lynch was, indeed, able to write Latin with a master's ease. His vocabulary is very copious, and his command of phraseology easily reveals the practised writer. Few leaving the modern University College with a graduate's or a master's degree in Ancient Classics can rival this old Irish schoolmaster's power in the great Roman tongue.

In this brief article, however, the reader's attention will be directed only to the autobiographical facts Lynch loves to record. Far away from Galway, he seems to have found some solace in thoughts that lingered about the past, when he conferred on his people the benefits of his scholarship and the blessings of the priesthood.

"Dulcis Ierne suo gremio me fovit adultum.,  
Dum licuit mystae munus obire mihi.  
Hoc in terdenas impendi munere messes:  
Interea excolui Palladis arte rudes."

("My sweet island-home cherished my youth in its warm bowers, while it was lawful for me to discharge the duties of a priest. In that office I reaped the fruit of thirty harvests, while I also trained the unschooled in the arts of knowledge.")

Thus he united the two offices which the "reformers" hated with the hate that always belongs to triumphing heretics. To celebrate Mass in the fine old historical building in Galway could not be



tolerated by the humane Cromwell or his pharisaical subordinates. And accordingly the exile sings:

"Sed sacra pertaesu domuum celebrare latebris  
In templo optavi nostra videre sacra."

("Sick for always offering Mass in the hiding-place, I prayed that in the churches I might see again the vestments of the priest.")



But, alas! he does not seem to have long enjoyed what would have been his greatest joy—the unfettered freedom of worship, the full majesty of the Roman ritual in our Irish churches. And then come these sad words:

“Hance voluptatem Coeli mihi Rector ademit  
Meque peregrinum passus adire solum est.”

(“The Ruler of Heaven took that joy from me and allowed me to go in exile to the stranger’s land.”)

And, after the surrender of Galway in 1652, away he went into exile, like many an Irish hero, and many an Irish saint, but not till he had prayed much and suffered much for the triumph of our Faith. What thoughts must have stirred him, a thinker and a historian, when Protestant rules and regulations were made to suppress the Church that had witnessed heresies, as powerful as Lutheranism, scatter their darkness, breathe their plague-breath among men, and moan at last into the unending silence of things that were! It was certainly difficult for him to observe the laws of Latin metre when he wrote these words:

“Orgia Calvinī sanctas bacchantur ad aras,  
In quibus oblata est hostia sacra prius.  
Non ego luminibus queo talia cernere siccis.”

(“The unholy travesties of Calvin, like blasphemous revels, desecrate the Holy of Holies, in which for mankind were offered Christ’s Body and Blood. Such things I could not behold without sorrow and tears.”)

In exile for upwards of 20 years, he received the invitation to come back to Galway about seven years before his death. There can be no doubt that this “exile of Erin” passionately desired the return, which was, alas! impossible for very weighty reasons. Dr. Lynch, a preacher of the Gospel, a gentleman inheriting the nobility of a great Irish family, was not able to play the rôle of the sleek time-server. And, consequently, he was confronted with a powerful enemy in the Governor of Galway, whose father he had boldly denounced for his misdeeds.

“Meus avet ad patrios rursum remeare penates,  
Multa iter at sistunt impedimenta meum,  
Edideram libros et in his ego culpo ministros  
Regis summos, nil nisi vera loquens.  
Non dubito me quin odiis sectentur iniquis.”

(“My mind burns to revisit the hearth of my people, but many hindrances prevent my return. I wrote books in which I found fault with the highest servants of the Crown, recording the truth alone. I am sure they would now chase me with the sleuth-hounds of religious hate.”)

The Governor of Galway, a son of Sir Charles Coote, was the dreaded servant of the Crown. The Archdeacon was clearly resolved not to have his foot-prints on Irish soil tracked a second time by the “delatorum gravis et densissima turba,” the crowded gang of informers who were still, he knew, hiding somewhere for their prey. But above all, he refused to have the evening of life darkened, or his last prayers disturbed by those, on whom his writings had inflicted a merited chastisement.

“Si patrem laesi, patris ultor filius in me  
Acria patrii tela furoris aget.”

(“If I offended the father, the son, a mad Orestes, will sling on me the poisoned arrows of paternal wrath.”)

Great, then, as was his desire to come home, he did not desire a welcome which depended on the power of his foes; while at the same time he could not bear the thought of endangering the freedom of his friends.

“Ast etiam hospitibus certa ruina forem  
Quos libertatis vel opum perferre necesse est  
Jacturam, pandant si sua tecta mihi.”

(“I should prove the ruin of my friends and wreck their freedom and their wealth, if their doors were opened in hospitality for the stricken priest.”)

Neither the promises of support from powerful ones, nor the consciousness that his family would win potent allies, could entice him from the Continent. He seems to have distrusted some hopes held out to him; and, wiser than Cicero, he shunned Mark Antony, the enemy who smarted under his writings.

“Audio magnates aliquos mihi velle favere,  
Sunt alii, quibus est meus inimica mihi.  
Hi me dum cruciant, illi sua tergora vertent.”

(“I hear some great ones wish to show me favour; but there are others whose hearts store hatred for me. While the latter glut their ire, the former will turn their backs upon me.”)

Perhaps the strongest inducement to come home was the partial freedom Catholics for a while enjoyed. But a student of History, like Lynch, seeing far beyond the moment, could not yet trace on the political horizon any appearance of real Catholic Emancipation; and accordingly when he was informed that—

“Nunc in Catholicos legum non stringitur ensis  
Impune exercent jam sua rite sacra,”

(“Now the sword of law is not drawn against Catholics and they may freely practise their religion.”)

his logical answer was—

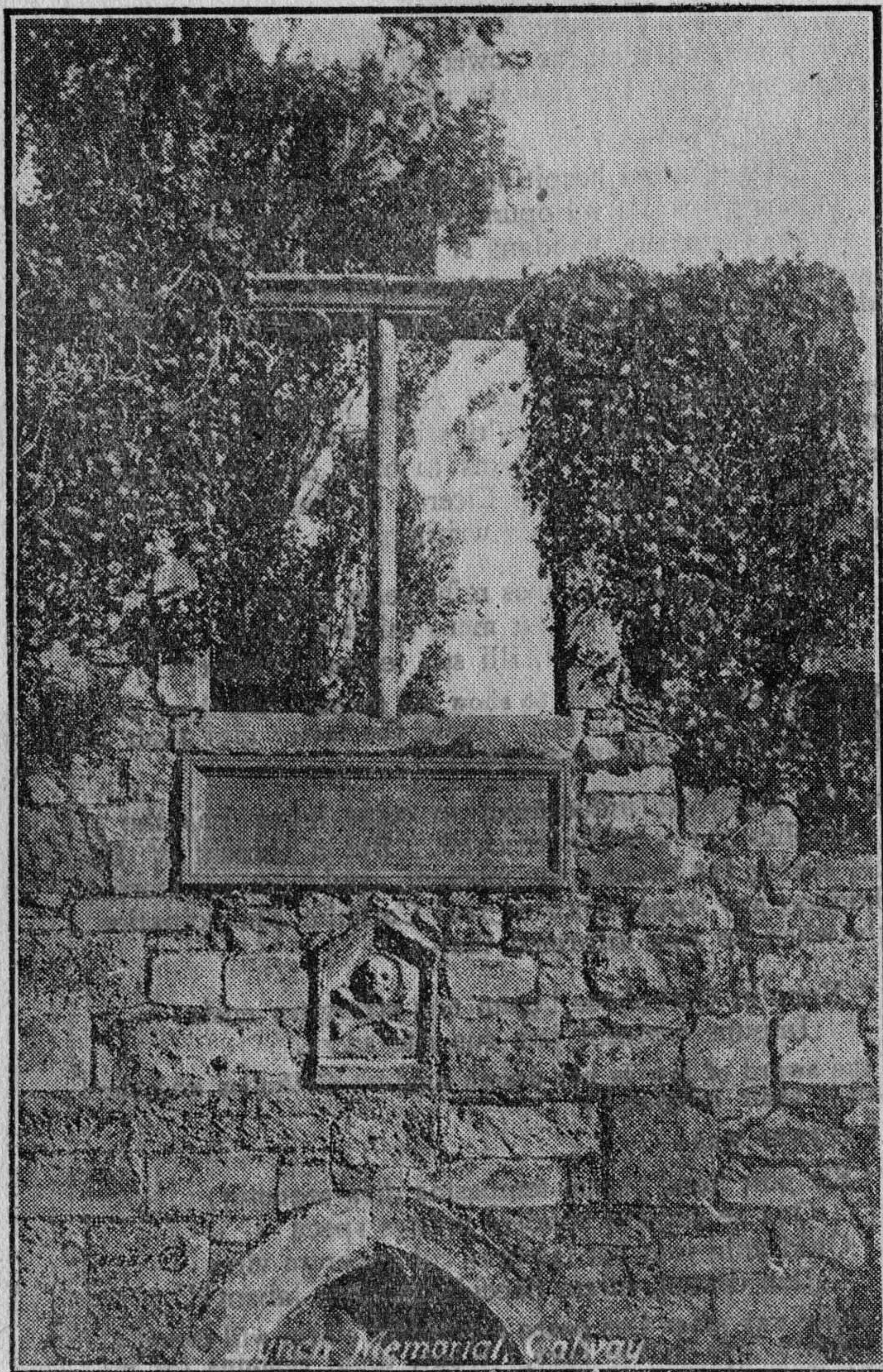
“Sic post hanc pacem tempestas dira sequetur,  
Qua se cogetur condere mystes specu  
Quid mihi tum fiet latebras cui quaerere vires  
Jam desunt, etiam flaccida membra labant?”

(“In the same way after this peace a dreadful storm will come, and the priest must again hide in the cave. What, then, remains for me, who have not the strength to seek the hiding place, and whose heavy limbs are already failing?”)

As he looked out on the noble Galway Bay, sheltered by the Hills of Clare, there arose before his mind, we may be sure, grand visions of such national glories and possibilities as Newman describes with his own fine charm in the “University Sketches.” The ruin therefore of his friends’ temporal possessions was a grievous trial for one, whose scholarship once gave him grounds for hope that his native city, Galway, would be a real Athens, a Christian Athens in the



West. But, alas! when the evening of life was darkening over him in a foreign land, he was compelled to sing a sad swan-song over such ideals:



*"Cognovi plures auro fundisque valentes  
Queis nunc accepi vix superesse cibum  
Nobilium natas, paribus quae nubere suetae  
Abiectae plebis nunc invat esse nurus."*

("Many once rich in land and gold are now, I hear, begging the daily bread they used give freely to the needy; and patrician ladies, who used to wed with equals, are now glad to be the brides of despised plebeians.")

The unnatural poverty of Galway, once the second city in Ireland, and the embryo of a New York or a London, was no enticement to refuse the hospitality of a Catholic country on the Continent. And the capital of Connaught has since continued to decay, till now it is little more than a collection of ruins with some archaeological curiosities—the Blind Arch, and the Cross Bones; St. Nicholas' desecrated Church, and Lynch's Castle.

Before the aged exile's mind, as he wrote the Latin verses just quoted was another great Irish scholar, O'Flaherty of Moycullen, County Galway, one of the finest ornaments in the history of our scholarship, a man of learning and nobility, who, before his death, referred to himself in vigorous Latin as "spectator of others enriched by my birthright, an object of condoling to my relatives and friends, and a condoler of their miseries, a banished man within the bounds of my native soil."

It is, probably, to O'Flaherty, at one time the noble owner of a splendid estate and lordly castle now in ruins at Moycullen, Lynch refers in the following passage:

*"Sidera lambentis qui mox fuit incola tecti  
Cogitur exiguis nunc habitare casis.  
Auro qui fuerat permultis dives et agris  
Hic nunc mendicat, quem dabat ante cibum."*

("He who was the lord of a towering castle is now the tenant of a poor hut of clay, and a suppliant for the alms with which he used to relieve the poor, when he possessed estates and treasure.")

Although many touching quotations could be made from "Cur in patriam non redis?" which, like a monad, reflects the Irish world under the Neronean persecution of the Penal Laws, only another passage will now be submitted to the reader's attention, a passage which shows that Dr. Lynch had once Goldsmith's

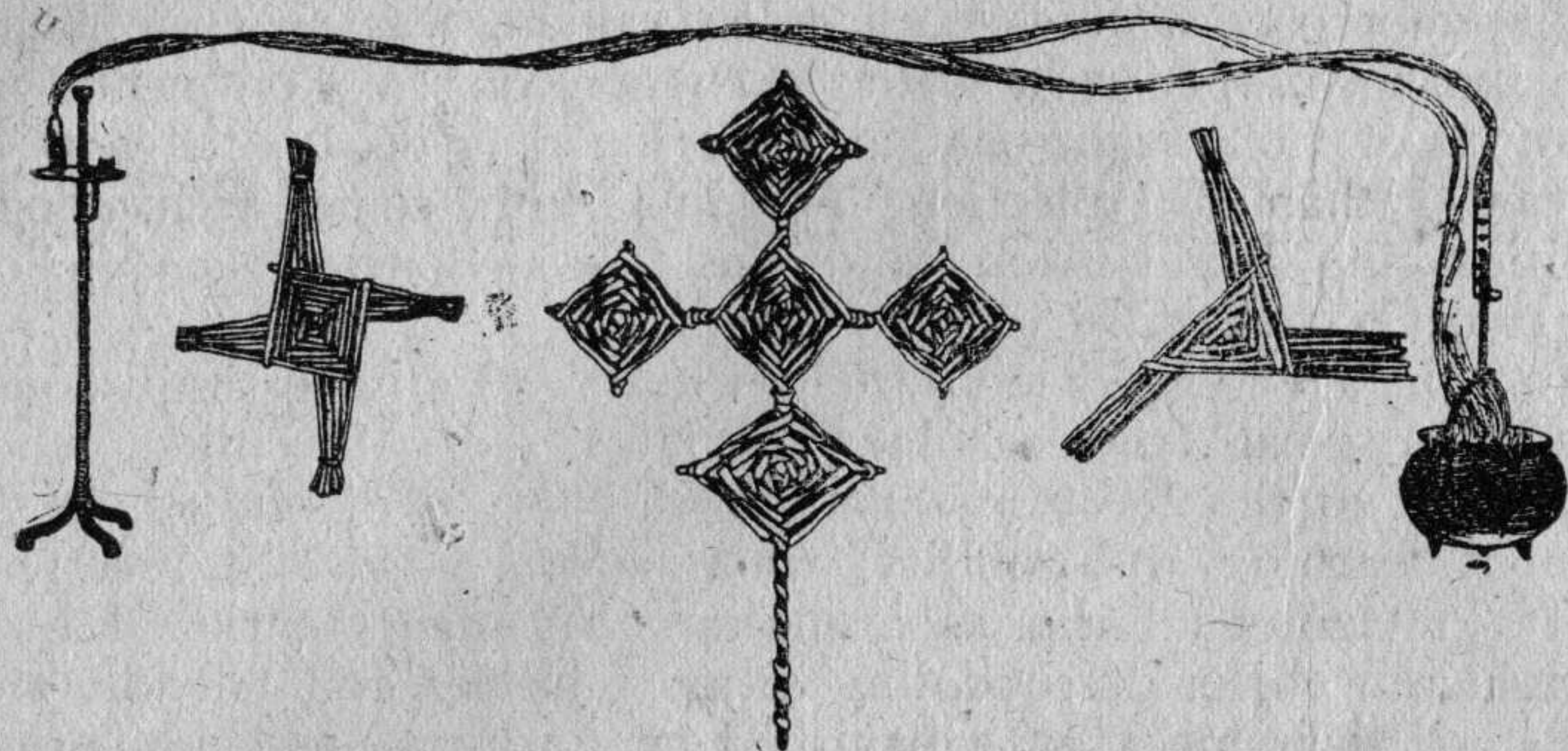
*"Hopes that when all my wandering and cares were past  
I would die at home at last":*

*"Gratius haud quicquam est quam me post fata sepulchro  
Inferri meum quod genus omne tegit."*

("Nothing could be more pleasing to me than to repose after the storms of fate in the tomb which now holds the remains of my race.")







## St. Brigid Crosses.\*

ON the eve of Saint Brigid's day, 1st February, it is a common custom still prevailing in every province of Ireland to make crosses of rushes or straw and peeled seileach and nail them up above the doors and fireplaces and over the beds. The materials are collected by the young people during the day and brought to the door of the house and left there until the evening when the whole family gathers in. The straw and rushes are then brought into the house and prayers are said after which all busily engage in cross making, vying with each other for beauty and effect. The varieties of crosses so made are endless. Saint Brigid of the Candles is held in great veneration and esteem by the Irish people by whom she is called the virgin of Ireland. Her feast is at Candlemas, when the days are so much longer that a candle can be dispensed with, and so the crosses are sometimes referred to as Candlemas Crosses. The days are then a cock stride longer—the footsteps of a cock on a gentle evening when his crop is full. At Brigid's day winter flies away and life is breathed into the earth. Brigid was also a worker, a spinner and weaver—

And Brigid sits at her white loom  
Weaving the veil of purple cloth  
That covers the gate of heaven.

The dandelion is called Bearnan Brigide (the serrated flower of Brigid)—it begins to flower on her day. The linnet is Big-eam Brigide (the little bird of Brigid)—it begins to sing on her day. The oyster catcher is Giolla Brigide (the servant of Brigid)—it carries her messages.

FRANCIS JOSEPH BIGGER.

\* Examples of these Crosses, with post cards, may be had from An Tuirne Beag, Ballycastle, Co. Antrim. Every Irish boy and girl should make one in honour of Saint Brigid every year.

## The Irish Educational Question.

By P. IVERS-RIGNEY.

THE object of the system of National Education as set forth by its Commissioners "is to afford combined literary and moral, and separate religious instruction to children of all persuasions." This use of the word "instruction" is interesting. Much instruction does not necessarily imply an appreciable resultant training. The affording of the one is quite independent of the acquiring of the other. The means seem to be made the end. The mere giving of "combined literary and moral instruction" may have no national advantage, whereas a judicious development of a sound, healthy, mental and moral training of Irish children would be an invaluable asset in future progressiveness.

Why, then, do the Commissioners of Irish National Education confine attention, according to rule, to "instruction"? Why not have a higher objective? The logical outlook is evident. Instruction, imparted by the teachers, is directed by the Commissioners; training, acquired by the children, is practically beyond their control. They can thus aim at giving instruction but cannot enforce the acquirement of the lessons it conveys. They can frame a programme, set standards of instruction and inspection, but cannot compel the children to attend school and partake of the mental and moral fare provided. This defect nullifies most of their power in other departments. It has been often said that the Commissioners of National Education are too unrestricted, that they form an "irresponsible" Board, but, certainly, the lack of authority in securing an actual attendance of eighty to ninety per cent. of Irish children of a school-going age is a very serious limitation to their efforts.

The object of affording "combined literary and moral instruction" gives the idea of a roving educational commission, which is corroborated by the long list of subjects, the ordinary secular ones being:—English (including reading, spelling, writing, book-keeping, composition, grammar, geography, history, arithmetic, mensuration, singing, drawing, needle-work (girls), physical drill, manual instruction, object lessons, elementary science, nature study, health and habits, cookery (girls), laundry-work (girls), kindergarten (infants), hygiene and temperance. In addition to these permission is given to teach Irish, Latin, French, algebra, geometry, the programmes of junior and middle grades Board of Intermediate Education, horticulture, short-hand and typewriting.

This multiplicity of subjects assuredly gives most ample scope for instruction, but also points to indefiniteness, a hankering after vague completeness, a too-ready desire to do the thing most suitable under adverse circumstances, a want of firm grasp of the requirements of the country. "As bodies perish through excess of blood," so mental cultivation may be unproductive through excess of subjects. The Commissioners of National Education, in this way, have excessive power which is a direct outcome of the lack of co-ordination of the



various educational schemes of Ireland, where primary, agricultural, technical, commercial, and professional classes exist without possessing the essential inter-dependence. It is one thing to have machinery, another to have results; one thing to go fowling with the latest in guns and ammunition, and another to return with an empty game bag. There is little use of a splendid method which cannot be applied. A plan must be devised by which a well-thought out national programme will be properly administered. Every reasonable facility must be given for acquiring the knowledge wished to be conveyed, and naturally there will be required an explanation of a refusal to participate in the general uplifting of the country.

A proper co-ordination of Irish educational schemes will define the work of the National Schools to be the laying of a foundation for the superstructure of a higher education. The work of these schools, appealing as they do to all classes, must have the most painstaking effort. Failure must be expected if the children entering the higher departments are too weak in intellect to grasp the ideas put before them. It ought to be the business of the primary school, then, to see that pupils going to a higher department have minds untainted by inferior methods of work and quick to seize and analyse the given instruction.

The list of subjects to be taught in National Schools shows that the Commissioners are not sufficiently conservative of the manner in which the time of pupils in a primary school is spent. Under no conditions should they introduce a subject which does not amply repay the expenditure of time, or which is taking the place of one of the really essential lines of mental and moral training. Overlapping should be strictly avoided. It is, assuredly, a great mistake to ask the primary schools turn aside from their direct and natural path, to do the work of the agricultural or higher departments by teaching horticulture, agriculture, cookery, laundry-work, nature-study, or the like. Early years are immensely precious and short and must be employed only in suitable work of maximum paying power. For this reason health and habits, hygiene and temperance, must also be removed from the subjects on the primary programme, and be content with a few well-written lessons in the literary reading books. Physical drill must go, as its essentials belong to the correct position in reading, writing, marching. Elementary science should be taught only in the higher department when required.

The question of temperance is all important. It has rarely indeed been properly handled. Advice is freely circulated; little expert work is being done for the masses. Sobriety needs firm resolutions, and firm resolutions are not often met in childhood. It is not advice intemperate people lack, but moral fibre. Write it in big characters! Mental training is the enemy of intemperance. Half an hour, in the primary school, spent in mind-strengthening, as in the acquirement of a useful knowledge of arithmetic and composition, is half an hour directly devoted to temperance. Develop mental and moral training, then! Develop self-respect! All things else will follow!

The Irish language deserves a more permanent and prominent place on the programme of National Schools than it has got at present. It will be found very useful both as a national stimulant and, of more importance, an educational factor of great power. Much remains to be done in the way of genuine encouragement.

A co-ordination of Irish educational schemes will need a recasting of present programmes and present aims. The National Schools, though turning out thousands of carefully trained children, are doing but a small part of the immense national service they are quite capable of accomplishing under favourable circumstances. The Agricultural Department is doing some good work, but has by no means fulfilled expectations. No scientific education in agriculture has been given in general to those who live by the land.

The sincere framers of future programmes must be treated with tender determination, for their's will be a task of much difficulty. While, practically, there is unanimity concerning the value of education, much confusion has always existed regarding the mode of application giving the greatest results, and on these differences the last word has not been spoken.

Care must be taken to build the programmes from within, and shape a course according to Irish needs. Avoid experimenting with educational systems of other countries, and remember that in this case, as in financial matters, "he who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing." Like an earnest and intelligent shopkeeper, find what ability and stock there is on hands, and waste no time in thinking how much will likely be borrowed from the neighbours. What would be thought of the doctor who, having examined a particular patient, advised him to seek the rules of a man in perfect health and live accordingly? What gave life to the one may be death to the other. So it is that a dress which looks well on one will be entirely unsuitable to another.

Do not turn to agricultural schemes employed by Belgium, Denmark or any other country. Ireland can never be these. It has a distinctly different outlook and needs a distinctly different educational plan. Though the eyes can often be shut when evolving an Irish programme, they must be kept wide open when measuring the actual work done by rivals.

Treat criticism with firmness without obstinacy. Some critics, men or women of long experience, will wish to do good. These deserve attention and gratitude. A sound and suitable national scheme requires many hands and hours of anxious toil, and its reward would be great.





## Winter Sunshine.

After the long dark sequence of bleak days  
 And bitter east, that chid away earth's smile,  
 Sudden returns the west wind with the dawn,  
 And wakes to gladness every wondering bird.  
 The thrush and mavis thrill with summer song,  
 What time the altars lit for sacrifice  
 The Victim wait who wrought us and redeem'd  
 To death-born life upon the bitter Tree.  
 The starlings gather flockmeal in the mead;  
 Golden apparels prank the princely elms;  
 The wither'd oakleaves gladden into hues  
 Of sun-washed brown, and by the brookside glows  
 The kingly opulence of crimson haws;  
 A clear metallic blueness decks the stream.  
 Thus to Thy grace of consolation make  
 Thy choristers of nature sweet response,  
 Too brief for fond attachment, yet with might  
 To steel us for the quick-returning hour  
 When o'er the landscape of our soul shall loom  
 The winter shadow of the saving cross.

H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.

### OUR GAELIC ARTICLE.

We regret that our Gaelic article has been unavoidably held over.



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of  
 "The Cross."

Conducted by FRANCIS.

#### RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. *The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.*
- II. *The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel or Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity, and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.*
- III. *They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.*
- IV. *They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.*

WE stand in the glorious light of the New Year's dawn, and looking out over the hills that have seen so many new years come and go we wonder what the coming twelve months hold in store for us and for our dear land and for all the world. Pray to God, my children, that it may be peace and freedom and the pure happiness born of suffering and sorrow. Ask the Holy Innocents to plead for the triumph of innocence and its restoration to the dark places of the earth where sin and guilt have so long held away. Ask the all-powerful Christ-Child in the Crib during these quiet days following Christmas to banish strife from the earth and to set again in their places peace and home happiness and industry and brotherly love. There is no weapon stronger than prayer, and it alone can win the peace that all Christian hearts yearn for to-day.

The poet-laureate of the Guild, **Lilian Nally**, sings of the bird that is like herself in his singing—hopeful, buoyant and glad. The members of the Guild will read this little poem with pleasure:—

#### MY SKYLARK.

O Lark of my heart, O bird divine,  
 Your peerless beauty naught can outshine,  
 O bird of the morn, O beautiful thing,  
 With breast of down and spreading wing,  
 Soaring to greet the rising sun,  
 Singing the day to rest when done;  
 Nesting 'mid shadows and clouds of snow,  
 'Mid leaf and fern in the afterglow.



O come to my heart, songbird o' mine,  
And sing to the stars that always shine,  
The wondrous joys of the world above,  
The never-ending—and God's great love.

## LILE MAIRE NIC AN FHAILGHE.

Could you guess how many members of the Guild were late last month and whose letters could not be dealt with?

**My Post Bag.** You couldn't? Well, I'll tell you—**Forty-eight!**

The competitions had been decided, the Guild pages and the entire issue of "The Cross" were in the hands of the printer when those forty-eight leisurely people strolled in. And mind you, some of them had gone to the bother of writing beautiful essays and letters that would have run the prize winners very close, if not beaten them—still they were late. I may as well inform them that in these days when mails are being delayed and flung about in all directions it is next to useless to post a letter in some distant part of the country late in the evening of the 13th and expect it to be delivered at the office of "The Cross" early next morning. As likely as not it won't reach the office until the 16th! However, there's little use in growling about it now, and I am sure all the late comers of last month will post earlier in future. I was delighted with **Nellie Rennie's** letter and with the charming picture she sent me. **Margaret P. Keogh** wrote me a lovely letter, but the writing was so indistinct that I could hardly make it out. She brought me two new members—**Rita Keogh** and **Joseph Keogh**—who are very welcome. I shall be glad to hear from her cousin **Molly** and trust she will write to me. **Eibhlis Seoighe** was late in bringing up the following reinforcements to the support of her superior officer, Commandant Nally:—The William Pearse Coy., under the command of Captain Kenneth Diarmuid Nally:—**Brian O'Connor**, **Brendan O'Connor**, **Joseph Crowley**, **Gerald O'Brien**, **Hugh McGann**, **Dick Carbuary**, **Laurence Carbuary**, **John Salmon**, **Noel McSherry**, **Noel O'Connor**, **Tom Kelly**, **Dick Comerford**, **Brian McGinley**, **Dermod McGinley**, **Mickey Black**, **Gerard Black**, **Tomas Smith**, **Frank Roache**, **Willie Roache**. **Eibhlis** also qualified for a Blessed Gabriel Badge by bringing in the following five new members:—**Grainne Seoighe**, **Aingeal Seoighe**, **May O'Toole**, **May McCormac** and **M. A. Harding**. They are welcome for their promoter's sake and for their own. I'm not the least bit grateful to **Eibhlis** for the vile caricature of myself she has drawn. I very much prefer the picture on the other side. Many thanks to **Rita Carlos** and to her brother **Noel** and her sister **Nina** for their most interesting letters, which I thoroughly enjoyed. **Rita** is an enthusiastic supporter and player of the girls' Irish National game, Camoguidheacht, and is anxious to know how many of her fellow members play this splendid game. The following new members have come individually into the Guild and are heartily welcome—**Ethel Blackmore**, **Molly Byrne**, and **Maimie Ternan** (Presentation Convent, Drogheda), and **Nancie Blackall** (Ursuline Convent, Thurles). Both allies and adversaries will be glad to hear again from **Ada O'Neill**, who was one of the late comers last month. Referring to **Lilian Nally's** expedition to the North-Eastern area she writes:—"And so the sweet songstress of the Guild has ventured within the precincts of our territory! What a pity she did not reveal her identity! We might have agreed upon an armistice during which we would have proved to her that whatever the shortcomings of the Droghedians, inhospitality is not one of them!" Bravo, Drogheda! The following members of **Ada's** army were also late:—**Josie McQuillan**, **Nora McQuillan**, **May Collins**, **Maggie Bowden**, **Rose Mulholland**, **Nora Corry**, **Maimie Ternan**, **Kathleen Ternan**, **Brigid Kennedy**, **Eileen McLeer**, **Maureen Dwyer**, and a certain **Clare**, who didn't sign her surname. I regretted very much that a characteristic letter from my dear friend, **Proinsias MacThighearnain** was also late. I am very grateful to **Proinsias** for remembering me and for his kind words. The following members were also late:—**Nora Rice**, **Agnes Hayes**, **Rosie Ryan**, **Dodo Cooke**, **Eilis Ni Riain**, **Maggie Dowling**, **Lizzie Malone**, **Josie McGuinness**, **Angela Toner**, **Maggie Johnston**, **Mary O'Malley**, **Agnes Clarke**, **Lilian Murphy**, **Brigid Davis**, **Clare Whelan**, **Lillie O'Byrne**, **Nano Quinn**, **Rosie Kenny**, **Margaret M. Byrne**, **Ita O'Byrne**, and **C. P. Hannigan**, who sent me stamps for a copy of "The Cross" instead of

sending them to the Manager. Will members kindly read carefully every month the paragraph headed "Important" and save themselves and **Francis** a lot of trouble?

A mighty pile of letters again this month, several of them taken up with abuse of **Francis**, because the writers were late last month! Do they think **Francis** purposely suppressed the letters of 48 children, some of whom had only written to him for the first time? Here is a rule that must be abided by—If the letters do not reach the office of "The Cross" at latest by the first post on the 12th of the month (it doesn't matter when they're posted) **Francis** cannot see them for a month. And if this rule is broken there's no use in scolding **Francis**, who is never happier than when dealing with the letters of the boys and girls of the Guild, and who has ever endeavoured to give fair play to all. A very warm and hearty welcome to all the new members from Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, whose names appear in the foregoing late list. I was delighted with their letters. A hearty welcome also to the batch of new members from St. Bonaventure's College, in far-away Newfoundland, who have come at the Christmas time, as their companions used to come every year, and who have brought with them the generous offering of £2 3s. 2d. towards the expenses of the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel, to whom they are ardently devoted. Their names are:—**Alan Larkin**, **Cecil Power**, **Frank Jackman**, **Ignatius Young**, **Robert Dunn**, **Thomas O'Reilly**, **Harry Donnelly**, **Frank Dunn**, **Arthur Hearn**, **Michael Aylward**, **Victor Turpin**, **Raymond Collins**, **Addison Bown**, **Carl Flynn**, **Willie Myler**, **Leonard O'Sullivan**, **Raymond Halley**, **Leo O'Reilly**, **John Warren**, **Willie Hogan**, **Richard Benning**, **Frank Walsh**, **Jack Howlett**, **Robert Kelly**, **George Carbage**, **Matthew Farrell**. May Blessed Gabriel direct and guide and bless them in all their ways during the New Year and all the years, is the prayer of their friend, **Francis**. **Lilian Nally** and **Rita Carlos** have both written enthusiastically of "St. Enda's," the new monthly magazine for children, written by children, which is to appear on March 1st, and they appeal to their fellow-members of the Guild everywhere to order it at once in the local newsagents' shops and talk about it to their friends and help it all they can. Says **Lilian**:—"It is for our very selves—a shrine for all our treasured thoughts, and under the patronage of St. Enda of Aran, who left home and wealth and high position to devote his life to the service of God. No less than ten competitions are announced for the first number, and all information regarding can be had by writing to The Editor, 'St. Enda's,' 87 Upper Dorset Street, Dublin." I am sure some of **Lilian's** sweetest songs and **Rita's** racy essays will appear in "St. Enda's," and that it will discover hosts of new poets and artists and humorists and essayists. Success to it and to everything Irish and Catholic and clean! Many thanks to **B. M. O'Neill** for her welcome verses. May all the blessings she has wished for **Francis** and the Guild be hers also in fullest measure. A sad little letter comes from our good and faithful member, **Mary Rennie**. She has reached the 18th milestone on the road of life and must step out of the rank of the Guild's active members. She will not forsake us, though, and I look forward to a continuance of those delightful letters that it has been my privilege to read every month since **Mary** joined the Guild. My wish and prayer for her are that she may find as much of happiness and pleasure in all the by-ways of life as she has found here in the quiet of the Guild. Many thanks to **Eibhlis** and all the Clann Seoighe for the beautiful card and letter of hearty greeting they sent me. A warm welcome to **C. P. Hannigan** of the Patrician College, Mountrath, who, to judge by his first effort, will be a formidable rival in the competition lists. Two new members who have come this month from the Convent of St. Louis N.S., Carrickmacross, are **Bella McEnaney** and **Annie Markey**, and I welcome both right heartily. Another welcome new-comer is **John Kavanagh** of Wicklow town. Will **John** be good enough to write to the Manager about copies of "The Cross"? My warmest thank to my dear friend, **Chrissie Burke**, for her letter and beautiful greeting card. It is good to be remembered by the "veterans" of the Guild. Letters of thanks and enthusiastic praise for the prize volumes have come from **Maureen McNally**, **John Hendrick**, **John Joseph Murphy** and **Maura Wheeler**. I sincerely trust the latter is quite well again. The Guild wouldn't be complete without a letter from **Ada O'Neill**, and the exquisite card she sent made her



message doubly welcome. After wishing a happy New Year, even to the Dublin and Connacht allied armies, she says:—"Our foes may exult as they will, but let me warn them that the Droghedians are anything but defeated in the furious contest for supremacy in the Guild. Our gallant troops may be outnumbered temporarily by the rival joint armies of Dublin and the West, but the fighting forces of Drogheda are by no means exhausted, and there are in reserve faithful hearts in plenty who will, assuredly, rally to our standard and aid us in resisting the attacks of our haughty invaders." There's war-like talk for you during the season of peace! I am very grateful to **Seosai Nic Aonghusa** (Josie McGuinness) for her efforts to induce members to join the Guild, and was immensely pleased with her letter. A whole new regiment of recruits has just marched in from Ballina, headed by **Rita Carlos**, but want of space compels me to hold over the names until next month. For the same reason I am obliged to hold over a most interesting letter from one of our Newfoundland members, **Joseph Patrick Summers**. **Brighid Puirteal**, of Gormanstown, brings me six new members, whose names are:—**Siobhan Ni Mheachair**, **Brighid Nic Ghuidhir**, **Caitin Ni Chocarain**, **Maire Nic an Bhreitheamhnaigh**, **Mairead Lionard**, **Eistir Ni Chocarain**. They are all heartily welcome. **Leo McCabe** sends the addresses and ages of his recruits—**Tom Brindley**, **Desmond Fitzgerald**, and **Alan Dempsey**. Many thanks for nice letters to **Angela Murphy**, **May O'Grady**, **Nora Corry**, **Eileen McLeer**, **Nellie Rennie**, **Katie Murphy** and **Bessie Mannion**, a new member from Terenure, who is welcome for her promoter's sake and for her own.

(1) All new-comers will please write a personal **Important** note to **Francis**, apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild. (2) Always put your name and address on your **Competition paper**, whether you send a letter or not. (3) **Orders for copies of "The Cross,"** etc., and all business letters should be sent to **The Manager**.

1. The prize for the best short essay on "The Old Year and the New" is awarded to **Eibhlis Seoighe** (Alice Joyce), 16 Archdale Road, Terenure, Co. Dublin. There was a big host of competitors and all the work was good, but some of the essays were too long.

2. The prize for the best drawing of a Christmas Tree goes to **Concepta McQuillan**, Presentation Convent, Drogheda. All the drawings were very neatly done.

**Note.**—Owing to pressure on our space we cannot publish the prize essay.—Ed., "The Cross."

## FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

I.—For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best short paper on "The Mary of the Gael."

II.—For Members under 12 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best "Legend of St. Brigid."

Competitors will please remember the following rules:—All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person as being the **unaided** work of the competitors. They must have attached to them the coupon which will be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family), and must be written on **one side only** of the paper. They must be sent so as to reach the office not later than by the **first post on January 12th**. Please note the change of date. All letters to be addressed: **FRANCIS**, c/o "The Cross," St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

## Passionist Chronicle.

**Passionist Foundations.**—A Passionist Father sends us the following notes and dates regarding Passionist foundations:—The Mother-House of our Congregation, like that of so many other Orders and Congregations, is at Rome, and the venerable Basilica and Retreat of SS. John and Paul were given to our Holy Founder, St. Paul of the Cross, by the Sovereign Pontiff in 1773, twenty years after the foundation of the first Province by St. Paul of the Cross, that of the Presentation. A second Retreat was acquired in Rome in 1853, namely that famous place of pilgrimage, the "Scala Santa." The home of the Most Rev. Father General, with his four Consultors-General and Procurator-General, is SS. John and Paul's.

In the year 1769 St. Paul established the Provinces of the "Addolorata," and in 1851 was founded that of the "Pieta," by a Decree of a General Chapter. Other Italian Provinces were created at various subsequent dates.

The Anglo-Hibernian Province of St. Joseph is one of the oldest foundations, having been established a separate Province by the General Chapter of 1851, soon after the death of its pioneer, the Venerable Father Dominic of the Mother of God.

The Province of St. Paul of the Cross, founded in the United States by Mgr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh, in 1853, grew to such an extent as to be subsequently divided into two Provinces—East and West.

It would be difficult to describe now the state of what was once the Franco-Belgian Province—also begun by Father Dominic—what with the expulsions from France and the present war conditions. Our Retreat, founded in 1803 at Bethany, once belonged to that Province, as also that of the Seven Dolours at Mook in Holland, which now houses a community of some sixty Passionists. The Spanish Province of the Sacred Heart dates from 1879, and is accredited to Father Amadeus and companions, while the Most Rev. Father Bernard Mary was general. The first Passionist work done in Spain was accomplished in Bilbao by Father Bernard (O'Loughlin) who was born at Funstall, Staffs. Father Bernard also established our House for English-speaking Catholics in Paris.

He was in Paris during the Siege, and eventually died there on 7th February, 1894.

In the Argentine Republic is the Province of the Immaculate Conception, and the principal Retreat is that of Holy Cross at No. 3150 Estados Unidos, Buenos Aires. The Province of the Holy Family, Mexico, has also a house in the city of Havana. We have no foundations in Germany or Austria, but there is a colony of Passionist Fathers who, with some secular priests, form the diocese of Nicopolis under a Passionist Bishop. For years it numbered amongst its clergy several members of our home Province. The late Bishop and Father Louis Irwin were of this number, as are also at present the aged Father Jerome Smyth, one time Rector of Mount Argus and before that Vicar-General to Mgr. Paoli, Passionist Archbishop of Bucharest, and Father Dunstan McQuirk, who for more than a quarter of a century has had charge of the important seaport Mission of Varna. The Cathedral Church of St. Paul of the Cross and Bishop's residence are at Rustchuk, where there is also a Community at the Retreat of the Holy Family, founded in 1901, and formerly attached to the Franco-Belgian Province.

There are fourteen Retreats in the Anglo-Hibernian Province.

It was in the year 1839 that the Venerable Father Dominic came and planted the little seed of the Congregation of the Passion. The first Retreat was Aston Hall, near Stone, Staffs, which we held from 17th February, 1842, until the beginning of 1856, when it was relinquished.

Next in order came the foundation at Woodchester, near Stroud. The House and Church were built by a Mr. Wm. Leigh, but our Community only remained there about four and a half years, from 18th March, 1846, to 7th October, 1850, when they handed the property over to the Dominicans who still hold it. Our little band then settled at St. Saviour's retreat, Broadway, where the Novitiate was established and remained for many years. Though out of chronological order, we will here continue and conclude our remarks on the Novitiate. A wing (still standing) had been extended



for the accommodation of the Novices, but the old house being decayed, this wing was required by the Professed portion of the Community, and so, about 1909, the Novitiate was temporarily transferred to St. Paul's, Mount Argus. During the building of the new house, which was made possible by a bequest of an old benefactress, Mrs. Gillow, a new foundation offered itself in Ireland. This is Blessed Gabriel's Retreat, The Graan, Enniskillen, where the Novitiate is now established.

We must now come to our London foundation. Passionists were known in North London ten years or more before Highgate called them her own. First of all, possession was taken on Ascension Day, 1848, of Poplar House, West End Lane, Hampstead; but after a short stay the Community went, on 15th December, 1849, to the Hyde, Edgware Road, remaining there nearly nine years, until 7th September, 1858, which is the date from which our Highgate foundation began. The house which the Passionists occupied at the Hyde is now known as Woodview House, Hendon. The present fine dining-room was our Chapel, and the place where the altar stood is still pointed out. The bell still tenants its little turret above the roof, and even the rope is intact. It is a long time now since our good Brother Casimir (a big powerful Dutchman) carried that bell up the ladder and held it while the workmen fixed it. Father Ignatius Spencer was a member of the community at the Hyde.

When Cardinal Wiseman gave his consent to our settling in Highgate he thought the prospects unfavourable. Events, however, have shown the guiding hand of Providence. Where there were but a few scattered houses and a mere handful of Catholics there is now a thickly populated district which for many years has over 5,000 Catholics, although the two missions of Stroud Green and East Finchley have absorbed slices of its territory.

The magnificent foundation of St. Paul's, Mount Argus, Dublin, was accomplished 15th August, 1856. The new Retreat was opened 8th September, 1863, and the noble church in 1877. Many illustrious dead have had their ashes reverently laid to rest alongside the church, and amongst them those of Father Paul Mary Pakenham, and Father Charles Houban, whose

memory is still fresh and green. The history of this foundation alone might fill an interesting volume. In Dublin is by far the largest Community in our Province, and it is a centre of missionary activity.

St. Mungo's Retreat, Glasgow, was founded first in Stanhope Street, Townhead, in August, 1865, and transferred in August, 1866, to Parson Street. The very fine and commodious church was opened 12th September, 1869. Here we have a Congregation at least double that of Highgate, even after the carving out of it an entirely new mission. The schools employ forty teachers, and the parochial, hospital and prison work is very exacting.

Another very important Mission is that of Holy Cross, Ardoyne, Belfast, where the great work was begun 8th August, 1868. The original church was opened on 10th December, 1869. The foundation stone of the present magnificent church was laid on Sunday, 17th June, 1900. It is situated on one of the finest sites in Belfast, placed upon boldly rising ground, while the background of hills completes a distinctly picturesque view. The church is 164 feet long, 68 feet wide, the interior height being 52 feet, and the height of the two western towers 105 feet. The opening ceremonies took place on Whit-Sunday, 1902. The building having been blessed by the late Most Rev. Dr. Henry, Bishop of Down and Connor, the function of the day began with Pontifical High Mass at 12 noon. Cardinal Logue, and the Bishops of Dromore, Elphin and Liverpool, with a large gathering of other clergy, formed part of the gathering at Holy Cross on that memorable day.

St. Mary's Retreat, Harborne, had its birthday 26th June, 1870. The Religious took possession of the new house there (formerly known as Harborne Lodge when Vivian Road was Lodge Road) on 28th December, 1873. It adjoins the parish of the Birmingham Oratory, where Newman lived and died. A little may still be seen of the old premises in High Street.

The Retreat at Herne Bay, Kent, founded in June, 1889, owes its origin to the generosity of the late Mr. and Mrs. Broderick, who bought a fine house and gardens, and built an excellent stone church of complete Gothic style.

The Passionists have three Retreats in Australia:—At Mary's Mount, Goulbourn, where there is a

novitiate and house of study; at Marrickville, Sydney, and Adelaide, where there are flourishing well-equipped missions. These communities belong to the Anglo-Irish Province.

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**Mount Argus.—St. Paul's.**—On 27th November there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and special prayers offered for the cause of Blessed Gabriel. The Novena in preparation for the feast of the Immaculate Conception was well attended each evening, and on the morning of the feast itself it was edifying to witness the large number of communicants. At 10 Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Ignatius, C.P.; deacon, Rev. Father Kieran, C.P.; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Maurice, C.P.

On Sunday, 25th November, the Confraternities of the city assembled at Mount Argus in order to join with the Confraternity of the Passion in the recitation of the Office of the Dead for the deceased members. Rev. Father Anthony, C.P., presided, and at the conclusion of the Office said it was edifying to see such a large number of men, many of them from a distance, coming to assist in performing one of the most meritorious acts of charity—praying for the souls in Purgatory. They might rest assured that they would be well rewarded—the Holy Souls whom they now befriended, would become their intercessors before the throne of God.

It is customary to have a sermon on the Sacred Passion in our church each month. The preacher on this subject on the first Sunday of December at St. Paul's was Rev. Father Maurice, C.P., who pointed out that the solution of all religious problems could be found in the word of the Cross.

The Irish classes at Mount Argus have made splendid progress during the past two months. The junior pupils, under the tuition of Maire ni Cheinnede, deserve special mention. The result of the examinations will be announced in the next number of THE CROSS.

The Mount Argus branch of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Society had an enjoyable reunion on 2nd December under the presidency of Rev. Father Kieran, C.P.

At Artane Rev. Father Columban, C.P., has given retreats to the Christian Brothers and the boys of the Industrial School.

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**Belfast.—Holy Cross.**—A well-attended course of lectures was given in Holy Cross Church during Advent by Rev. Father Linus, C.P. In the Church of St. Alphonsus, Liverpool, a retreat was recently given by Rev. Father Herbert, C.P. The annual retreat to the Christian Brothers, Dungannon, was conducted by Rev. Father Raphael, C.P.

**Harborne.—St. Mary's.—Death of Father Camillus, C.P.**—With deep regret we announce the death of Father Camillus of St. Paul of the Cross, which occurred at St. Mary's Retreat shortly before noon on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The deceased Passionist had been in failing health for some years, but notwithstanding his infirmities celebrated Mass daily almost to the end. On 6th December, on the advice of Dr. McArdle, his medical attendant, the Last Sacraments were administered, and the dying priest received the consolations of religion with edifying fervour. On the night preceding his death he became absorbed in prayer, and was heard to frequently repeat the holy names of Jesus and Mary. Up to about half an hour before his death he was able to repeat pious ejaculations and gave the responses to the ritual prayers for the visitation of the sick. He died while the prayers for a departing soul were being recited by the community. Father Camillus—whose secular name was Henry Carter—was born in Dublin on 9th August, 1844, and made his religious profession at St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, Worcestershire, on 6th August, 1867, so that he had been half a century in the Passionist Congregation. Until advancing years prevented him, he laboured with zeal both on missions and in parish work for the salvation of souls. His genial manner made him beloved by all who knew him. He was a graceful and eloquent preacher. He seemed never to weary in the great work of grace and mercy in the tribunal of Penance. The death of this venerable Passionist will be mourned by the large circle who are indebted to him for the spiritual help which he so charitably and patiently gave them and we feel sure that many prayers will be offered for the eternal repose of his soul. After Solemn Requiem Mass on 11th December, the funeral, which was attended by



a large number of clergy, as well as by the communities of the Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of the Poor, took place in St. Mary's cemetery.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Most Rev. Dr. Ilsley, Archbishop of Birmingham, visited St. Joseph's Home, Harborne, and received the renewal of vows of the Little Sisters of the Poor. His Grace afterwards administered Confirmation to some of the aged inmates of the institution, five of whom were received into the Church on the previous day. Very Rev. Father Antoninus, C.P., Rector; Rev. Father Thomas, C.P., and Rev. Father Bruno, C.P., were in attendance. The sponsors at the Confirmation were Mr. Henry Rigby and Miss G. Rigby.

At St. Mary's the Feast was marked by an unusually large attendance at Mass and Communion, and on the following day (Sunday) there was a Solemn High Mass of the Feast, and in the evening a Procession in honour of Our Blessed Lady, sermon by Rev. Father Thomas, C.P. (Vicar), Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—with prayers for the Conversion of England, and, at the conclusion of the devotions, the Rector imparted the Papal Blessing.

**Enniskillen.**—**Blessed Gabriel's Retreat.**—Since the days of St. Paul of the Cross, it has been customary to keep the Feast of the Immaculate Conception with special solemnity in the Novitiates of the Congregation which he founded. This year the traditional devotion in honour of Our Blessed Lady was, as usual, observed in this Retreat. In the evening Very Rev. Father William, C.P., Rector, imparted the Papal Blessing to the members of the community as well as to the congregation. The Crib, which usually attracts many visitors from the surrounding districts, is in course of erection.

**Sutton.**—**St. Anne's.**—The letter of Most Rev. Father General regarding the cause of Blessed Gabriel was read at all the Masses on Sunday, 25th November. On 27th November, from last Mass until four, there was exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the prescribed prayers recited on behalf of the cause of the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel. Rev. Father George, C.P., officiated. At the closing ceremonies Rev.

Father Eugene, C.P., officiated. In response to Father General's letter a large number of the parishioners, including about 300 children, received Holy Communion.

Rev. Father Eugene, C.P., has given a mission at Widnes, and Rev. Father Oswald, C.P., has conducted a retreat for the Christian Brothers, Liverpool.

Much credit is due to the Young Men's Society for their efforts to raise funds for the upkeep of the church, as well as to provide gifts for their fellow-members who are engaged in the war.

**St. Joseph's, Highgate.**—Very Rev. Father Malachy, C.P., Rector, conducted a retreat for the Children of Mary attached to St. Joseph's, and the General Communion took place on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. In the evening fifty new members were enrolled. On the same day Rev. Father Xavier, C.P., preached to the Sodality at the Convent of Notre Dame de Sion, Eden Grove, when several new members were admitted. Rev. Father Fidelis, C.P., gave a retreat recently at the Convent, Highgate Road.

St. Joseph's was crowded on the Sunday evening within the Octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception at the procession in honour of Our Blessed Lady.

**Glasgow.**—**St. Mungo's.**—A most successful social gathering of the members of the Confraternity of the Passion took place in St. Paul's Hall on 14th December. There were about 300 present. The arrangements were carried out under the supervision of Rev. Father Romuald, C.P., assisted by the Guild Wardens of the Confraternity.

Rev. Father Marcellus, C.P., conducted the retreat for the Sodality of the Children of Mary attached to St. Mungo's. The reception and consecration of new members took place on Sunday, 9th December, at which Rev. Father Germain, C.P., Spiritual Director, officiated. Subsequently there was a procession in honour of Our Blessed Lady.

Very Rev. Father Alban, C.P., will preach the panegyric of St. Mungo, Patron of the Archdiocese, in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, on 20th January. His Grace Archbishop Maguire, and the Cathedral Chapter, will be present.

A Retreat for the boys of St. Mary's Industrial School, Bishopbriggs, was recently given by Father Marcellus, C.P.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND NOTICES.

We have received the following thank offerings for favours received:—

From **A Grateful Client** (Belfast), five shillings for the cause of Blessed Gabriel; from **D. M. A.** (Dublin), five shillings for the cause of the Little Flower; from **S. Corcoran** (Liverpool), one shilling for the cause of Gemma Galgani. **Sister M. Ambrose**, Holycross Convent, Sutton, 10/- towards expenses of the Cause of Blessed Gabriel.

The above donations, for which we are sincerely grateful, will be forwarded to the Postulators at Rome.

Contributions towards the expenses of the causes of Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani, and favours received through their intercession, will be acknowledged in these pages.

**TO OUR PROMOTERS.**—In answer to inquiries made from time to time we think it well to let supporters of this magazine know that all our supporters and promoters participate in the benefit of four hundred and thirty-four Masses, specially offered every year for benefactors by the Fathers of this Province, as well as in the prayers, penances and good works performed daily by all the members of the Congregation of the Passion.

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